

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Creation & Destruction"

Yeah

Haha

[Spanish:] Se ha cabado la mierda [English: "The Bullshit has finished."]

Bout to drop a def' cut

Yo, yo, yo, huh

Immortal Technique, disintegrates mic's when I spit
I cause more casualties than sunken slave ships
Full to capacity, I bring tragedy to rap without my man Kadafi
The government took Nazi scientists from Germany
To design nuclear rockets and ways of observin' me
'Cause their pathetic attempts, didn't work to murder me
When this country was conceived, these bastards never heard of me
But now I hold the souls of slave masters eternally
Bleeding internally, burnin' D, durin' surgery, verbally
'Cause I'm a spiritual witch
Devils are incompatible
I've been around since the planet was inhabitable
I spit in the ocean and created microscopic animals
Which involved into two species, the righteous and the cannibals
But until then, I had alien women suck me off
When God said "Let there be light", I turned it the fuck off
And that's the reason that the earth is only 5 billion years old
I made the sun shine, and permitted time to unfold
The surface was lava, but when I stepped down, it became cold
Fuck what you've been told
My spiritual form became a swarm of molecule sickness
Manifested liquid trapped inside a mountainous region
Until the skies starting raining, continuous seasons
Immortal Technique, at long last, reincarnated
Undebatable reinstated to leave you decapitated
Je suis fous, but my crazy words make sense [*"Je suis fous" means "I am mad" in French*]
I'll split every pound of your body into six pence
I'm sick of simple similes about The Sixth Sense
I'll leave your body drenched in the blood of all your ancestors
You'll never be at peace, like the souls of child molestors
I'll cut you and bless your festering wounds with alcohol
Drown you in a clogged toilet, in a public bathroom stall
I'll rip you down, take a chunk of you home like the Berlin Wall
This is the final call, for all the rappers that wanna brawl
Immortal Technique, the wrong motherfucker to diss
'Cause I allow God to let you motherfuckers exist

Hahahahaha yeah, real oh

We about to crash somethin' now, yo

Yo, yo, yo

I'm the stronghold on your neck that doesn't let you breathe

Stronger than the fake image of God in which you believe
More dangerous than your ignorant ass could ever perceive
A European virus, mutated in Africa, overseas
Transported by mosquitoes and fleas to where you live
So lock yourself in your house with your wife and your kids
You're such a bitch, somebody probably made you out of a rib
My arrest record just scratches the surface of what I did
My bid locked me up and brought my life to an end
I was forgotten, abandoned by my bitches and friends
You don't want beef with people like me so don't pretend
I'll resurrect your aborted baby and kill it again
You get no props in hip-hop like feminine men
I'm iller than any plague God gave Moses to send
You wanna make amends, 'cause I'm the reason that the earth shakes
Burying your fam like Central American earthquakes

Immortal Technique

Harlem to Canada

Lyrical damage ya

[Spanish:] Te dije que se ha cabado la mierda [English: "I told you the bullshit would end."]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Dominant Species"

[Intro]

Yo, in a hundred years from now
Everyone who's living on this planet will be dead
So it's inconsequential really
All the shit that you talk
All the bullshit that you stand for
It's more important what, what you're ready to build
What you're ready to pass down to your children
What you're ready to create
You better fucking remember that
When you challenge a mother fucker like me
Remember, I'm the dominant species

[Verse 1]

I'm stuck inside the future and life is chaotic
The government is psychotically racist and robotic
The matrix of entrapment is socio-economic
Erotic conspiracy theory becomes reality
Life is war, and every day's a battle to me
I'm on the brink of insanity, between extreme intelligence and split personalities
But I elevate to the point of reversing gravity
Revolutionary conceptuality spitting out of me
Even the dead people in my family tell me they proud of me
Stupidity's not allowed by me
Cause I don't got time to play
I'm the black whole lyricist that'll take your shine away
Darkness at any time of day
I'm the Technique and your nobody so what you trying to say
Stellar density becomes your physical alignment
1.8 billion tons per square inch confinement

[Chorus]

Yo, yo, yo, I drop knowledge so heavy it leaves the world unbalanced
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge
I'm the lyrical apocalypse that crumbles the granite
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

[Verse 2]

Yo, yo, lyrically I'm infinite like possibilities
But you don't have the capability like infertility
Cause opening your mouth to question my validity
Is like trying to contradict the theory of relativity
When I spit is the epitome of heavy artillery
My enemies are obsessed with me like the bitch in Misery
But break out like father running from responsibility
Every time I step and abuse the mic with versatility
I balance humility, with brutal instinct

I'll make your whole cypher look like those crackers from N'Sync
And I don't care about your link, or your luxury car
I shed light with more magnitude than all of the stars
La Brea tar pit thick
So don't ever talk shit
And remember something nigga, while you rave and rant
A roach can live for nine days without its head but you can't

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm explicit like video tapes of conjugal visits
Some niggas are too stupid to understand it like astrophysics
Technique is exquisite
I'll make your thoughts a victory
Get pessimistic with the quickness
If you think that I will just become another statistic with anything but success
When I bless the mic as I spit this
Specifically prolific with Kaposi's Sarcoma-type! sickness
My style is like a ten year old child with a slit wrist, too much reality
For the fucking hit list
I got a Black Panther mentality with a spick fist
So you can get dissed
Even if you're locally gold, vocally bold, or globally
Multi-platinum sold
I'm emotionally cold, disciplined, and ready to kill
Like spirits in the same room with you, I'm giving you chills
I drop knowledge while these mother fuckers clumsily spill
And I drop it so heavy, it leaves the world unbalanced
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge
I'm the lyrically apocalypse that crumbles the granite
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Positive Balance"

(feat. Big Zoo)

[Intro]

Big Zoo, uh
Technique, uh
Positive balances, uh, uh

[Verse 1 - Big Zoo]

Pound for pound
I'm the most positive when I bust mine
The Zoo adds on like a plus sign
Addition, that's the key in the ignition
With no pause, I propel to pole position (Vroom!)
Ahead of the pack, light years ahead of the wack
I give a fiend a Good Book, instead of the crack
That's the gold mine, negativity can't hold mine
The black bear's headed for the gold mine (look out, look out)
And then I'm positive as Showtime
I make negative MC's switch styles in no time
They change teams, rhyme about kings and queens
Instead of how they sellin' work to fiends
Then I, switch thugs into soldiers
Those that have given up on God to praise J Hova (Damn!)
The rap Ice Age is over
And positivity protects the Z boulder boulder

[Chorus - Immortal Technique w/ Big Zoo ad-libs]

Yeah, you know how it goes, positivity, yeah
My opinion is solid ground but your a common hater
Splitting and dividing on numbers like a denominator
Third-eye navigator movements are necessary
Everything you see in videos is secondary
You need positivity like you need respect in jail
Because without balance you'll be making negative record sales
Neg-neg-negative record sales, ziga-zam, Technique, like this

[Verse 2 - Immortal Technique]

I jerk off inside books and give life to words
Leaving concepts stuck together you probably never heard (what?)
I love when people think I'm psychologically disturbed
Cause it means I overloaded their neurological nerves
Rappers try to serve me with disgusting incompetence
But I keep it positive with ultimate dominance
Meditating with Native Americans close to Providence
I speak to the spirits of ancestors at pow-wows
But rumor has it that you getting raped like Lil' Bow Wow
Now listen industry motherfuckers, don't get offended
Remember, that I'll bring an end to your pretender agenda

And render contenders dismembered, bend the fabric of time (what? what?)

And put your soul in a blender

You living a lie like thinking Jesus was born in December

Instead of catering to labels, something gotta give

I'll rip the electrons out your body and make you positive

I seen a lot of kids come and go with marketing gimmicks

Because without balance, you don't last more than a minute

This ain't a game, I'll beat the shit out you at the line of scrimmage

I rock shows in the ghetto, nigga you stuck in the village

I wanted to spit on the radio since I was eleven

But I can't afford the pay-ola for Hot 97's

So I make paper underground, and I'm soon to blow

Moving tapes like Biggie's ghost at Bad Boy studios

[Biggie - Hypnotize sample]

[Chorus]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Getaway"

[Immortal Technique]

Yo yo, son give me that newspaper

[Friend]

Yeah aight, here you go

[Immortal Technique]

Man, I hate this one yo. You know the Post is always on some bias racist
bullshit, man. Word I mean on the daily news

[Friend]

[Laughs] word, I feel you

[Immortal Technique]

They ridiculous man, times are better but they still on some bullshit

[Friend]

[Laughs] I know that man. (Hiss)

[Immortal Technique]

Another nigga killed by these fucking cops, yo!

[Friend]

What? Word? Psh

[Immortal Technique]

See that's why I gotta get the fuck outta here man, I need some peace I need
something like that or I'ma just start blasting! These fucking pigs man

[Friend]

I feel you, son *[laughs]*

[Immortal Technique]

For real, yo

[Friend]

Yo son, fuck it then. Let's do something man, let's see some mamis out there

[Immortal Technique]

You know what? Matter fact pack the bags

[Friend]

Aight then

[Immortal Technique]

Start the fucking whip up, I'm outta here yo for real
Yo, I hate my job so I always look to a better day

Far from New York City on a tropical getaway
But not in Miami cause these white Cuban Anti-Castros can't stand me
And that's the reason I'll never win a fixed up Latin Grammy
After this racist Latinos'll goddamn me
But my Black people love me
And when I go to South America people'll be tryna hug me
Cause I talk about reality that effects them
And even though I blew up I could never neglect them
What kind of a revolutionary action would that be
I be categorizing practically every other MC
But never that cause I'm clever with facts
Sever your raps
Fake players and thugs
Will forever be whack
I'm still rolling with my squadron
Heavily strapped
And even if I get killed I'll enviably be back
Encyclopedia Hispanic are over digital dat
Don't ever compare me with small minded criminal cats
I kill kids on tracks like Dale Onhart
Spit in your face and leave your cheekbone with a burn mark
I was born a genius but I learned to be street smart
My vacation just started
I'm out to the Caribbean swimming in Dominican women the color of cinnamon

You motherfuckers wish you had the lifestyle I'm living in
[Laughs] Yo, yo

[Repeat 2x]

East coast to West coast and everything in between
This is dedicated to everybody chasing they dreams
This ghetto fabulous life really ain't what it seems
But I'ma make it cause I got survival stuck in my genes

[Immortal Technique talking]

Word up (word), Immoral Technique representing Harlem all the way to my fam
in Englewood. I'm out motherfucker *[Laughs]* The ghetto way nigga

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Top Of The Food Chain (Remix)"

(feat. Poison Pen)

[Intro: Immortal Technique + (Poison Pen)]

(Uptown, haha) Immortal Technique, Poison Pen
We the top of the food chain motherfucker
Stronghold in it, yo
MC's are just figments of my imagination (tell 'em)
They don't have to be dissed (tell 'em)
I just stop thinkin about them (tell 'em!)
And they cease to exist (tell 'em!)
Don't get me pissed pussies

[Hook: Poison Pen]

Desolate easy Jesus{?}, while they squeezin heaters
You better? Then please defeat us
Ladies is teacher squeezers, they pleased to meet us
Top of the food chain, still roll with bottom feeders
My tongue new in late modern English, I'm from the side with heaters
Always comment on your side as beepers
It ain't no joke, baby the bell is broke
Just holla out the window if you tryin to reach us

[Poison Pen]

Poison Pen for you ballers and bammers
Walk up in the spot, metal detectors went bananas
Stronghold! It's Bronx swingin, give me dap 'til my palm's stingin
Grab your bitch - and make a porn feature
Come out your mouth, that's a nice shirt to bleed on
They only use yo' ass to fuck and roll trees on (BUCK, BUCK, BUCK!)
It's on, your block, your street
Niggaz so puss and they don't speak, they queaf
When you run shit, Stronghold shit
I need a chain I can jump rope with
And Bed-Stuy got 'em, word I'm like Zeus without the eye problem
Some neck without the pearl spot, or it ain't rockin the most
Chicken spots, even if tots got they eyes on your necklace
My life is this flick, and y'all are extras
I double more blocks than Tetris, we perfectionists
And wouldn't have it, any other way, yeah

[Hook]

[Poison Pen]

Pen Pen nigga look good
My flow's a couple of retarded niggaz too dumb
With an impact on hip-hop
Like LL walkin into Def Jam screaming out BOX!

[Immortal Technique]

Immortal Technique, top of the food chain
I'll split your wifey's head open, just to get me some brain
I spit venomous thing with Poison Pen
Destroy the sun and in eight minutes you'll never see day again
Pray for your friends but me and God'll just laugh at you
Tell you to shut the fuck up, and rain acid on you
Break down your molecules and spiritually damage you
Haven't you got the picture yet?
Motherfuckers like you are easy to disrespect, cause you're only a thug
When you on the internet you can't compare your dialect to Tech'
Because you lack the chromos'
I'm a Neo-Sapien, but y'all are still actin like homos

[Hook (replace "heaters" with "Ninas" in first line)]

[Poison Pen]

If you talk {?} high, you get your mouth punched in
Stronghold is my house nigga, greasy apartment
My legions are foul, you eat he crapped out
Ain't never seen no trees in my mouth
Poison Pen magnitude eight-point-three
The hottest shit this side of the Gaza Strip
Alongside many gangs in rap arouses
That point and click without red browsers
Look out it's the 80's all over again it seems
Long hair, denim suits and big tanks, and glitz
We don't look for hoes so they scoop us
Tell your bitch to bring nothin to my crib but, pussy and a toothbrush
And a camcorder, y'all could all relate
They treat my nuts like imported grapes
That's how it is at the, top of the food chain
Poison Pen, Technique and - all y'all better take turns sleepin

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Beef And Broccoli"

Look, let me make something abundantly clear for people
that are so bereft of activities
they feel like they gotta comment on every one of mine
First of all, being a vegetarian should never be associated
with being a revolutionary or being open minded, that's a dietary choice
If someone wants to proliferate the type of ignorance
we're supposed to be fighting by thinking that, you're just fucking yourself
I don't go around promoting beef and poultry shoving it in peoples faces
I don't castigate people for not eating steak sandwiches
And I would never diss someone for being a fucking broccoli head
or living off radishes or eating grass with tofu
I like a lot of vegan cuisine but the illogicality
of expecting everyone to adopt your particular idea
of what being healthy is, is just preposterous
I've seen some of you herbivores, and if you wanna argue health
y'all need to eat some kind of supplement
because some of y'all are so skinny that it's disgusting
Lookin like the only hip hop motherfuckas on Schindler's list
Being a malnutrition ass got nothing to do
with being revolutionary or being on point
I'll be damned if I let somebody else push their agenda on me
You know, I don't eat pork, not cause I'm a Muslim
I just don't really like it, but I really will fuck a bird up
And fish is good when that shit is fresh
It's like my nigga Vast Aire from Can' Ox said
If you don't like the smell of burning meat, then get the fuck off the planet
You know, I don't criticize people for eating moss
And don't open your fuckin mouth about my food man
I like beef and broccoli motherfucka, mind your God damn business
Matter of fact, you know what? I'm out
I feel like a some aronco pollo, a banana daiquiri
and a motherfuckin bistelpanado

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"No Me Importa"

Look I ain't never been afraid to tell how I really feel
Nunca, I think everybody should know that
Yo creo que todos debemos de saber eso
Fuckin' ought to know, yo
I gotta tell these chicks a lot of times, mira
Tu estas actuando en una manera muy mala
Bien mala y no me importa ya, I gotta let ya know
Let 'em know. Here we go, digale a la gente, primo
Gotta let you know for real. Son drop that

[Verse 1]

Siempre me encuentro con la mujer equivocada
A superficial mami con la alma comprada
Yo I'm sick of stupid chicks que hablan de nada
Let's got to my house conversacion acabada
Yeah we can fuck but you gotta go after manana
You walking bowlegged porque te deje clavada
Don't ever talk shit about niggaz and get enojada
There's a reason that you never been properly amada
Cause you fuck niggaz and suck dick como si nada
Para la porqueria and save the drama
Don't come to the fucking club con una actitud mala
You've been drinking too much Bacardi and smoking lala
Escuchame senorita, if you don't respect yourself
Don't expect respect from anyone else
Don't expect un hombre to support you with wealth
Go to college and be successful, do it for delft
Nunca vas a ser shit without knowledge your self
Mamis with cultural ineptitude are bad for your health
That's the type of mujer that I put back on the shelf
And go back to the pack crowd to look for somebody else

Adios, check it

[Hook]

We keep it moving properly
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly
Smoking broccoli, compartiendo ideologies
Pero solamente pasa on special occasions
When beautiful intelligent mamis stay blazing
(Stay blazing!)

Y ahora for you motherfucking niggaz
Yo... si

[Verse 2]

Immortal Technique the resurrected Che Guevara
But y'all cats are just a bunch of fake Tony Montana
I bring drama like revolucion Cubana
And block stages like my last name was Santana
Como puedes comparar your anterouch to my squad
You motherfucker is faker than resurrection full of bud
Don't try to be hard cuz I don't stress faked fellas
I'll burn your house down and empty the clip of tu abuela
Mucha gente try to convince everyone that they trife
Hablando mierda but you never shot a gun in your life
Siempre gritando how you keep it real in the cife
But most of your rappers can't even keep it real with your wife
I'll sacrifice you puto cabron for running his mouth
Car-jack you and kidnap you in front of your house
And while you tied up by that shotgun while I'm driving down south
I'll push the pedal to setenta and kick you the fuck out
Solamente to look back and have something to laugh about
I doubt that you really want Technique as an enemigo
Fuck with me I'll make your people turn up desaparecido
My estilo es Chupa Camaro Y Zapatista
I'm a revel soldier murdering rap artistas
Colombian neck-tile MC hasta la vista
Taking over the fucking country like socialita

Cobardes, yo

[Hook]

We keep it moving properly
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly
I'll broad your fucking brain out and spread your philosophy
This is if te pones celoso motherfucker is watching me
I don't make threats bitch lo que hablo es prophecy

De verdad, para que toda la gente sepa que no me importa
Cuanta mierda ustedes hablan o cuanta mierda
I still be on my job. Forever, I'll still be here
I'll still be doing my thing. Para siempre. Cojudo
Para siempre. I'll be in anybody's parade
Immortal Technique, se ha acabado la mierda..

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Revolutionary"

[Men talking]

Yo load the fuck up (locked and loading)
You too (locked and loading sir)
Remember break that window when that cop comes in
and blow that motherfuckers head off
[multiple gun shots] (Got him)
Yeah load it up again cause these motherfuckers
are gonna come back for us. (Were ready)
We gotta be prepared in this day and age, we gotta
be prepared for whatever comes the fuck at us. (Word up)
Cause we are living revolutionarily. (Definitely)
You cannot second guess yourself in these days and times
there gonna throw whatever they can at you and you gotta
be prepared for it, you gotta be prepared for anything

[Sample of Malcolm X]

"If liberty or dead,
there's freedom for everybody or freedom for nobody!" *[crowd cheers]*

[Hook]

No matter what the fuck life throws at me
I continue to make it threw indefinitely
Immortal technique defeats the odds repetitively
Until there ain't shit ahead of me competitively
Surviving the tough times is imperative to me
Looking at the whole world revolutionarily

[Sample of Malcolm X]

"They don't want to hear you old uncle tom handkerchief
hand talking about...uh thee *[inaudible]*, no."

Technique will force you into strategical retreat
Because I dominate guerrilla warfare in the streets
There ain't no way to picture me without a victory speech
When I reach higher positions
Without the recognition of pissed on competition
Cause I conquered there ambitions
In a systematic form like a religionist tradition
My mission is to take you, lyrically break you
Lyrically assassinate you
Lyrically incinerate your body and recreate you
To destroy the power that mentally incarcerates you
Cause even though I rip it better I could not forsake you
Your my people with the same oppressors so how could I hate you
The revolution of the mind that bring lee generates you
But when you come original people impersonate you, start to hate you

Cause the conflict is building within the ultimate sin
Is to be ashamed of your skin
My rhymes are like Jamaican over proof I make the room spin
Intoxicated flow I bleed vodka and brandy
Don't make me choke you down like Jon-Benet Ramsey
Something demands of me to rip this fucking shit uncannily
God commanded me to be a technological disease
And psychologically do battle with the best emcee's
Inaudible these in technique
Cause I'm the capital of revolutionary nation that's infallible
Aztec like the Hannibal
Rip your heart out of your chest and feed it to the cannibal's
Your just a fucking animal but I'm the Neo Sapien
Cause my original civilization was based upon creation
You know theirs no escaping even though your heart is racing
I'll put your best disciple on academic probation
Fuck the litigation, fuck the best rapper nominations
And fuck the president I voted for assassinations
I'm saying fuck the federal bullshit investigations
Fuck the cover up of ghetto radiation extermination
Using my people for experimentation
And if doesn't play hip hop then fuck your radio station

[Hook]

[Sample of Malcolm X]

"Revolutions overturn systems, revolutions destroy systems!" *[crowd cheers]*

Yo what the fuck happen to reality spitting rhyme slayers
These days everybody trying to be a thug or a player
Where did all the real motherfuckers go in the game
Bring back the break dancers and graffiti writers with fame
I remember hip hop before the mic cunt clapping
Cause I used to drink forties with more flavor then these rappers
Lyrical ego trips doesn't make fortification
Your not dope enough, spit self glorification
So don't jerk me around cause my name ain't masturbation
Life is hard it'll leave you scarred cause I been threw shit
If you consider rap a job I suggest that you quit
Don't you understand the audience will listen and dance
In the club, crib or car or whatever they get the chance
To be emancipated start debating justice in the cipher
Why do you think project rooms look like the cells in Riker's
I'm explaining the significance or the reason behind it
There preparing your children for the prison environment
When you don't amount to shit prison becomes retirement
But I refuse to be took in to central booking in chains
Cause sleeping on the floor in cages starts to fuck with your brain
The system ain't reformatory, it's only purgatory
Close to hell but I rebel as begin to sparkle out
And tell my people how we fell into the trap that we live in
Because they locked us up in ghetto's and began to rape my women
So I leave the system Unforgiven like East Wood

Cause I was bless with lyrical strength to do whatever I could
You should of seen it coming long ago when you were very young
My word is through the father, holy spirit and his fucking son
Cause when I grab the mic device in front of Christ and start to rip it
I'll make Jesus turn around and say "yo pop this nigga flipped it"
So talk about whatever and be what you wanna be
But don't mistake the way I break the faith for simple blasphemy
Cause through the highest frequencies in the NYC
I'm crushing 97.1 percent of MC's

[Hook]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Dance With The Devil"

[Verse 1]

I once knew a nigga whose real name was William
His primary concern, was making a million
Being the illest hustler, that the world ever seen
He used to fuck movie stars and sniff coke in his dreams
A corrupted young mind, at the age of thirteen
Nigga never had a father and his mom was a fiend
She put the pipe down, but for every year she was sober
Her son's heart simultaneously grew colder
He started hanging out, selling bags in the projects
Checking the young chicks, looking for hit-and-run prospects
He was fascinated by material objects
But he understood money never bought respect
He built a reputation 'cause he could hustle and steal
But got locked once and didn't hesitate to squeal
So criminals he chilled with didn't think he was real
You see, me and niggas like this have never been equal
I don't project my insecurities on other people
He fiended for props like addicts with pipes and needles
So he felt he had to prove to everyone he was evil
A feeble-minded young man with infinite potential
The product of a ghetto-bred capitalistic mental
Coincidentally dropped out of school to sell weed
Dancing with the devil, smoked until his eyes would bleed
But he was sick of selling trees and gave in to his greed

[Hook]

Everyone trying to be trife never face the consequences
You probably only did a month for minor offences
Ask a nigga doing life if he had another chance
But then again there's always the wicked that knew in advance
Dance forever with the devil on a cold cell block
But that's what happens when you rape, murder and sell rock
Devils used to be gods angels that fell from the top
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot

[Verse 2]

So Billy started robbing niggas, anything he could do
To get his respect back, in the eyes of his crew
Starting fights over little shit, up on the block
Stepped up to selling mothers and brothers the crack rock
Working overtime for making money for the crack spot
Hit the jackpot and wanted to move up to cocaine
fulfilling the Scarface fantasy stuck in his brain
Tired of the block niggas treating him the same
He wanted to be major like the cut-throats and the thugs
But when he tried to step to 'em, niggas showed him no love

They told him any motherfucking coward can sell drugs
Any bitch nigga with a gun can bust slugs
Any nigga with a red shirt can front like a blood
Even Puffy smoked a motherfucker up in a club
But only a real thug can stab someone till they die
Standing in front of them, staring straight into their eyes
Billy realized that these men were well-guarded
And they wanted to test him before business started
Suggested raping a bitch to prove he was cold-hearted
So now he had a choice between going back to his life
Or making money with made men, up in the cife
His dreams about cars and ice made him agree
A hardcore nigga is all he ever wanted to be
And so he met them Friday night at a quarter to three

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

They drove around the projects slow while it was raining
Smoking blunts, drinking and joking for entertainment
Until they saw a woman on the street walking alone
Three in the morning, coming back from work, on her way home
And so they quietly got out the car and followed her
Walking through the projects, the darkness swallowed her
They wrapped her shirt around her head and knocked her onto the floor
"This is it kid, now you got your chance to be raw."
So Billy yoked her up and grabbed the chick by the hair
And dragged her into a lobby that had nobody there
She struggled hard but they forced her to go up the stairs
They got to the roof and then held her down on the ground
Screaming, "Shut the fuck up and stop moving around!"
The shirt covered her face, but she screamed and clawed
So Billy stomped on the bitch, 'til he broken her jaw
Them dirty bastards knew exactly what they were doing
They kicked her until they cracked her ribs and she stopped moving
Blood leaking through the cloth, she cried silently
And then they all proceeded to rape her violently
Billy was made to go first, but each of them took a turn
Ripping her up, and choking her until her throat burned
Her broken jaw mumbled for God but they weren't concerned
When they were done and she was lying bloody, broken and bruised
One of them niggas pulled out a brand new twenty-two
They told him that she was a witness for what she'd gone through
And if he killed her he was guaranteed a spot in the crew
He thought about it for a minute, she was practically dead
And so he leaned over and put the gun right to her head

[Sample from "Survival of the Fittest" by Mobb Deep]

I'm falling and I can't turn back
I'm falling and I can't turn back

[Verse 4]

Right before he pulled the trigger, and ended her life

He thought about the cocaine with the platinum and ice
And he felt strong standing along with his new brothers
Cocked the gat to her head, and pulled back the shirt cover
But what he saw made him start to cringe and stutter
'Cause he was staring into the eyes of his own mother
She looked back at him and cried, 'cause he had forsaken her
She cried more painfully, than when they were raping her
His whole world stopped, he couldn't even contemplate
His corruption had successfully changed his fate
And he remembered how his mom used to come home late
Working hard for nothing, 'cause now what was he worth
He turned away from the woman that had once given him birth
And crying out to the sky 'cause he was lonely and scared
But only the devil responded, 'cause god wasn't there
And right then he knew what it was to be empty and cold
And so he jumped off the roof and died with no soul
They say death takes you to a better place but I doubt it
After that they killed his mother, and never spoke about it
And listen 'cause the story that I'm telling is true
'Cause I was there with Billy Jacobs and I raped his mom too
And now the devil follows me everywhere that I go
In fact, I'm sure he's standing among one of you at my shows
And every street cypher listening to little thugs flow
He could be standing right next to you, and you wouldn't know
The devil grows inside the hearts of the selfish and wicked
White, brown, yellow and black color is not restricted
You have a self-destructive destiny when you're inflicted
And you'll be one of god's children that fell from the top
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot
So when the devil wants to dance with you, you better say never
Because a dance with the devil might last you forever

[Hidden end feat. Diabolic]

[Immortal Technique]

Oh y'all motherfuckers thought it was over, huh? Well it's not.
You didn't count on a fallen angel getting back into the grace of god and coming after you.
Ya'll niggas ain't shit
Your producers ain't shit. Your fuckin' A & R ain't shit.
I'll fuckin' wipe my ass with your demo deal.
Yo, Diabolic, take this motherfucker's head off!

[Diabolic]

Go 'head and grip Glocks
I'll snap your trigger finger in six spots
You'll have to lip lock with hypodermic needles to lick shots
I'll watch you topple flat
Put away your rings and holla back
Can't freestyle, you're screwed off the top like bottle caps
Beneath the surface
I'm overheatin' your receiver circuits by unleashin' deeper verses than priests speak in churches
What you preach is worthless
Your worship defeat the purpose

Like President Bush takin' bullets for the secret service

Beyond what y'all fathom
I shit on cats and jaw tap 'em
Show no compassion like havin' a straight-faced orgasm
Tour jack 'em
Have his half-a-ten bitch suck my friend's dick
In the mean time, you can french kiss this clenched fist
Diabolic
A one-man brigade spreading cancer plague
Fist-fuckin' a pussy's face
Holdin' a hand grenade
So if I catch you bluffin'
Faggot, you're less than nothin'
I just had to get that stress off my chest like breast reduction

[Immortal Technique]

You motherfuckers are nothing, you cannot harm me
I'll resurrect every aborted baby and start an army
Storm the planet huntin' you down, 'cause I'm on a mission
To split your body into a billion one-celled organisms
Immortal Technique'll destroy your religion, you stupid bitch
You're faker than blue-eyed crackers nailed to a crucifix
I'm 'bout to blow up like NASA Challenger computer chips
Arsenic language transmitted revolutionarily
I'm like time itself, I'm gonna kill you inevitably
Chemically bomb you, fuck usin' a chrome piece
I'm illmatic, you won't make it home like Jerome's niece
I'll sever your head diagonally for thinkin' of dissin' me
And then use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy
This puppet democracy brain-washed your psychology
So you're nothing, like diversity without equality
And your crew is full of more faggots than Greek mythology
Usin' numerology to count the people I sent to Heaven
Produces more digits than 22 divided by 7
You're like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect
You never killed a cop, you not a motherfuckin' thug yet
Your mind is empty and spacious
Like the part of the brain that appreciates culture in a racist
Face it, you're too basic
You're never gonna make it
Like children walking through Antarctica, butt naked

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Prophecy"

So you're the motherfucker they call....Immortal Technique.
What the fuck make you so special nigga?
Huh... what the fuck do you do?

I calculate planet alignment like Mayan astronomy
Discovering atrocities worst than Aristotle
Subjecting children to sodomy
Your theory of the galaxy is primitive like Ptolemy
The truth about the universe stuck up like Aztec pottery
Unpredictable results like experimental psychology
I stomp the streets with emcee's beneath my feet in colonies
But presentation and spirit revolve around autonomy
Searching for monogamy
And cutting fake bitches out of my mind like a lobotomy
So obviously I'm not gonna be here to play games
Walked the top of the world and leave the arctic circle in flames
Battle the beast and false prophet predicted in the King James
I give a fuck about your emcee name I don't admire you
Only by dental records will you be identifiable
Cause the future is not reliable
Remember when rap was not economically viable
Comparable to what motherfuckers think of me
I might be nobody but wait till I'm together like a symphony
Resounding sound that will continue infinitely
Angel of death punishing all those who live in infamy
And shine so far away from you
You'll never get a glimpse of me
Attempts to extinguish me don't even bother me none
Like retarded kids throwing ice cubes at the sun
A victory against Immortal Technique will never be done
Just degrees of losing it every second your adding one
Some niggas dream of pushing kilos but I drop tons
With more facts and formulas and philosophical logic
Than a basement full of scientists puffing on chronic
Dipped in mycin potassium cyanide and liquid bubonic
And use it as a sonic one to find the spawn of the demonic
Screaming like onyx is of absolutely no consequence
The poison is dense enough to clog up your arteries
Mercy is not a part of me
I cause you bodily injury permanently be simply verbally murdering me
Is inconceivable cause of the unbelievable evil injected inside
The blood stream of my people
And redemption is not located under a church steeple
The feeble and the meek in soul just like the technique
Will inherit the earth, But the earth will be weak
Mother earth in her decrepit terminal illness physique
The year three thousand is bleak no happily ever after

Just death following the Fourth Reich disaster, a legacy of bastards
With plastic explosives your futures been eroded
Cause you forgot that when your free it's multiplied indefinitely
By the struggle that be the struggle I see
To socialistically united the third world countries
Expose hypocrisy in Americas democracy
Sloppily obsessed with stopping me cause I speak prophecy
Trample and dismantle your capitalist philosophy
The same way I stomp the conquering rap monopoly
And I'm not a fucking prophet
But that's the fucking prophecy

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"No Mercy"

[Malcolm X in his famous speech "The Ballot or the Bullet":]

"Brothers and sisters...friends....and I see some enemies.

[Laughter and then applause]

In fact I think we'd be fooling ourselves if we had a audience this large and didn't realize that there were some enemies present."

[Verse One]

I'm a weapon that fires
Lyrical projectiles with no mercy
I'm cold blooded like reptiles
Touch a pregnant bitch and make her give birth to a dead child
Every time I flex styles
Niggas vacate the premises and become exiles
I manufacture rhymes like textiles of x-files
And lighten juveniles
Living life with no purpose
Organize a army that will make the devil's nervous
Competition is worthless
Like the electoral vote
If you provoke I'll break your motherfucking neck in a yoke
Your better off throwing your shitty life away sniffing coke
Technique will choke you into a spiritual state
And it will take a lake of hydrochloric acid to soften this
I'll fake your parents suicide and kill you in the orphanage
But I inspire ideological metamorphosis
Stop talking shit or I'll make your existence a memory
So you can have me frozen cryogenically for centuries
But I'll break the ice if anyone on the planet mentions me
I'll burn a hypocritical flag intentionally
Explosive revolutionary
Chemistry's my destiny

[Chorus: 2x]

No mercy is what I chemically bomb on enemies
Your life's a fucking mistake, technique is the remedy
Destroy you before you become what you intended to be
And in the future you'll worship those that descended from me

[Verse Two]

When I fight you I won't snipe you
I'll use a HIV infected needle to strike you
As well as anyone that vaguely resembles or looks like you
And just to spite you I'll force your children
At gun point to bite you
And rip a piece off
To start the beef off of the rest of your petty limited life
I'm coming at you to catch ya by surprising the sight

Nobodies stupid enough to back ya when tactically attack ya
Because my style is nasty like protruding bone fractures
And your a played out dirty pussy devil
Like Margaret Thatcher
But technique never get captured inside the rapture
Cause I mastered the art of causing natural disasters
You should learn the difference
In between the students and the master
My stature is the dispatcher of damaging decibels
And even though my starving people are considered expendable
I consecutively escape the racist corporate tentacles
I spit raw kinetic energy that's immeasurable
Retaliation for perpetration is unendable
Mercy is not extendible
I'll break your fucking brain down into psychological chemicals

[Chorus: 2x]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Illest"

(feat. Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead)

[Jean Grae]

Ayo, I burn my bridges with a blow torch
a rebel born from verbal holocaust
dirty and never try to cleanse to get the drama off
the swiftest stealth assassin snipe you
from balcony shots of terrorist position
professional from the opera box
rhyme documents infamous like the
Bill of Right, illa tight, having niggaz
open like the thrill of dykes Jean Grae
ya koo's a mass murderer, friends who got
the dirt on her, foes who never heard of her
wild style, my mouth gone to train up, I spit
Krolyon in five colours, when I speak I spray my
name up, split your wig up like Denny and Bruce
splash your remains and brains out on the street
like Henny and juice, noose your neck and loosen
your spine from back shift your spleen, rip till it's
just obscene, from down town spilling it, New York
illest who rip it ever, flow like a river fuck a girl
like a nigga what?

[scratches]

[Pumpkinhead]

I've been through Hell and back, scars swell
on my back, I spit bars, y'all spit repetitive
raps, I'm a street dude, who decided to rhyme
with lines that'll crack the disc between your mind
and your spine, that's why, y'all wanna bite my design
and that's why, usually I hold the mic like a nine
pistol whip you on the side of your eye, watch it
pop out, we knock out cats, with the floors when
it rocks out, shocked out, like you driving in
a lightning storm, with the top down, we got
this locked down, like convicts on the run
getting shot down, we four times
gaining yards in the whole line, see me
and Tech we steadily building, and we about
to blow like the Oklahoma Federal Building
and all them niggaz get mad when we step in
the building, cause we make the crowd jump
and hit they heads on the ceiling, what?

[scratches]

[Immortal Technique]

I spit heat like the deserts of Saudi Arabia
bury competition like Mesopotamia, emanating
radiation pissing liquid uranium, I bring the rock
like European drunks in soccer stadiums, I'll
split your cranium with perfect symmetry lyrically
if your not the illest, then you don't deserve to
spit with me, OBS obliverating bastards
sacrilegiously, I sacrifice niggaz who
talk shit ritualistically, meticulously making
all my rivals suicidal like white suburban
kids on acid reading the Satanic Bible
my arrival is genocidal, like Christopher
Columbus, exterminating racism of whack
MC's that walk among us, I've just begun to bust
I'll make this place, open gondola
these racist cops wanna lock me longer then
Nelson Mandela, pissed off, I'm making hella
paper, East to West coast, and I treat the law in this
country like a mother fucking joke, cause if I'm
willing to smoke the president, while he's sniffing his
Coke, you know it don't mean shit to me
to cut a fucking cops throat

[Immortal Technique talking]

Yea, Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead, Immortal Technique
DP-one, tell 'em what the fuck we about to do

[scratches]

sh..sh..sh..shit on the whole industry

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Speak Your Mind"

[Intro]

You have to speak the truth
You have to speak your mind

[Verse 1]

Every time I speak my mind I'm lyrically critical
The pinnacle of being revolutionarily pivotal
Beyond anything ever studied that's metaphysical
Man fuck a minority, I'm not politically minimal
But obviously terminologies that are statistical
Are manufactured to be unequivocally subliminal
Transmitted by monopolized media visuals
So I riddle hypocritically pitiful criminals
Habitually utilizing typical rituals
With false pretense in attempts to be spiritual
TO individuals who believe in biblical miracles
Instead of themselves, because they're not thinking original
And the color of their skin makes them feel invisible
Like microscopic miscarriages lynched with the umbilical
Only a fuckin' imbecile would think their uncorrectable
Cause you're susceptible to becoming more than a spectacle
Remember that your flesh, your blood and your body are dissectable
I'll beat you until your vegetable
And wake up in a hospital covered in poisonous chemicals
In a fetal position with your face sewn to your testicles
Thinkin' that you were kidnapped by extraterrestrials
You got heart? I'm the blood that pumps in your ventricles
Technique, I'm like ya soul nigga.. indispensable
With no respect for those that cower at the hour of revolution
Cause the government owes my people restitution
Instead of sedatives like cocaine and prostitution
Conclusion is that you'll have to violently silence me
Cause I raid the airwaves of cutthroat piracy
In school my teachers blinded me
But now I can see
I'm mentally and revolutionarily free
Broadening Horizons about what my people could be
If we wasn't set up to get shot, locked or OD
You see families bleed because of corporate greed
And monopolizing weed is virtually impossible
So it won't be legalized and that's another obstacle
But I'm still rollin' up pocket fulls of tropical
The governments involved directly so it's unstoppable
Like a nuclear rocket full of biochemical toxins that invade the ecological
Improbable that the average intellect could understand
So I encrypted this into hip hop that's in high demand
and spread it through the ghetto of every city like contraband

Stomp a man of any complexion with a devilish nature
Cause I'm tryin to save the earth, but your just next in line to rape her